

BEE

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W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

Look out for our new dress
next week.

WORLD'S FAIR PAMPHLET.

The colored press with an exception here and there are unmistakably opposed to what may be called "a Negro's day" or a distinctively negro institution of any kind at the coming Exposition. They prefer to appear there in the garb of American citizenship just as the Irishman, the German, the Italian and other races who make up our body politic. They are opposed to putting on a "Negro" color line. We trust that the color line business will not be persistent.

AN UNWARRANTABLE ATTACK.

The letter of Mr. C. H. J. Taylor to his paper, the "American Citizen," on Hons. J. Milford Turner and H. C. C. Astwood, is unwarrantable. If the reason is that Mr. Taylor set forth should be sufficient to prevent the democratic administration from recognizing Messrs. Astwood and Turner, the same reasons should be sufficient for the President to keep Mr. Taylor out.

Mr. Taylor was a candidate for Congress on the Greenback or People's ticket in the last campaign and said nothing against it in favor of either of the two great political parties.

Mr. Taylor makes an appeal to his friend Johnson of Albany, the office that Mr. Johnson is now in the department of the interior.

This is untrue, as Mr. Taylor will remember, that he and Johnson were at Chicago out and out. Mr. Johnson is now in the department of the interior.

Neither Mr. Astwood or Mr. Turner are guilty of any opposition to Mr. Cleveland. But of these gentlemen favored and favored by Cleveland.

The Bee stands ready to vent its sentiments.

The report is that Hon. John Lynch and Mr. R. B. H. Taylor will start business in this city.

Hon. J. M. E. W. Thompson is a candidate for surgeon in charge of the Freedmen's Hospital.

There are quite a number of applicants for the District Judgeships.

The attention of the Pension Department is called to the gambling house in operation in this city.

The Democrats are anxious to see all republicans removed.

There is a movement on foot to start a people's literary society in this city.

Rev. E. W. Williams of Abbeville has about completed his new school building. Rev. Williams is a success wherever he goes.

Fresh air and deep drawn breath are necessary for the development of the lungs and chest. But most dwellings not being properly ventilated are deficient in oxygen and a feeling of oppression often comes over us which induces us to sit in a draught, and cold taxes hold of us and then the most rational way to get rid of it is to take Dr. Bull-Cough Syrup, the great cough-cure, according to the direction, and continue the treatment until we are well.

A LAND OF HONEY AND SUGAR.

INDUCEMENT TO THE NEGRO TO GO WEST. LET US HELP OURSELVES.

PORTLAND, ORE., Feb. 11, '93.
In perusing an eastern paper, I noticed an article "Negroes Leaving the South" which naturally interested me, being one of the Afro-American race.

As a member of the race, I would be greatly pleased to see their condition improved, both socially and financially.

I am a Southerner by birth, and claim Alabama as my native state. I left there at the age of thirteen years and have travelled a great deal through the southern and western states, and my experience has been, that the state of Oregon far surpasses any that I have been through.

If Mr. Masley is thinking of sending colonies of the Afro-American race to the West, I know of no better State for such colonies than Oregon. I have been in Oregon for several years, and can bear testimony to the fact that the purchaser of a third-class ticket of emigrants of color will find it to be a bad, and with a pure economy, in a few years a comfortable one may be attained.

The soil here is rich and bountiful, yielding a good percentage of seed corn. Grain of all kinds are grown in abundance. Fruits are the finest the western markets can produce, and we always find a ready market both east and abroad for all our productions.

Horses and cattle of all kinds thrive well here, and our beef and mutton cannot be excelled anywhere in the United States.

At present there are comparatively few colored people in Oregon, and if the "Gaily Blade" goes into effect this coming May, there will be a great demand for help of all kinds, which is at present in poor supply in the country.

The climate of Oregon cannot be surpassed anywhere in the West, and is but a very small distance from the sea.

The summer weather commences about May, and continues until November; during the summer season, it is never excessively hot, the mercury seldom going higher than in the fifties. Not only does the average about eighty degrees; but the winter weather is comparatively mild, the spring weather being the best of the season.

Minerals and coal are abundant, and the climate is so good, that the negroes will find it a most desirable place to live.

The wages here are very high, and the people are generally well-to-do. A night showman would find it the better for the country.

Those who do not think that the Afro-American race can be a success in the West, let them go to the State of Oregon.

The best wages are paid here, and the climate is so good, that the negroes will find it a most desirable place to live.

There are a few colored people who own small farms, and they are very happy. They have moved into the city of Portland, and with their well-to-do friends, they have produced a great deal of wealth, and a good many good prices for their stock.

I don't want to impress you with the idea that people can come to Oregon, and make a living without working for it, or live on "Flowery beds of ease," a good many can, but only if they are willing to work for it. Of course you will understand that Oregon is not as fully developed as the States that have a larger population.

What we want here is an industrial class of people, who are willing to work for the betterment of the nation, and by their own efforts, to work their way to the topmost of the social ladder.

As I said before, land is cheap, and oil is rich, the country is bound to timber and minerals. We have one of the best mineral states in the West, rich in Coal, Copper, Silver, Quicksilver, Iron, and Lead.

Now my dear sir, I have no personal interest in this matter other than I have heretofore stated (i.e.) the improvement, socially, politically and financially of the Afro-American race. I have called your attention to this matter, and would deem it a pleasure, and you to give space to this letter in your valuable paper, as by that means it will come to the notice of a large class of deserving people who may be benefited by perusing the same.

Any further information that I can give you upon the subject, I should be pleased to continue our correspondence with you.

Sincerely yours,
J. FRANKLIN FORREST,
Portland, Oregon.

P. O. B. x 87.

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Pennsylvania Avenue and Eleventh Street
Commencing With Grand

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FITZSIMMONS

Champion Middleweight Fighter of the World

AND HIS OWN COMPANY

Mr. Fitzsimmons will meet all Comers.

Next Week:
Wm. Muldoon and "Me and Jack" CO.

WOMEN IN TIME OF WAR.

During the terrors of the French Revolution, the most delicately nurtured, the most luxuriously reared, the most sensitive daughters of the old aristocracy passed through crowds of the insulting madmen and p-pulchre, to the gallows, as ghastly as unmerited, without appeal or lamentation, with Jean-Henri Browne in the April of 1793, the French Republic was a scene of horror and blood.

Women are timid when peril is far away; as it approaches, they are often the first to flee. They are not brave to death, but they are brave to life. They are not brave to death, but they are brave to life. They are not brave to death, but they are brave to life.

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TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

The grip of a mild typhoid epidemic in New York.

Ex-Senator Eli Saulsbury died at his home in Dover, Del.

Boston's City Hall is threatened by a quicksand bed, a portion of the concrete floor having sunk 20 feet.

A crusade against vicious houses has been begun at Helena, Mont.

Evangelist Moody is to conduct Chicago meetings during the World's Fair.

A box of gold coins worth \$100,000 was unearthed by workmen at Durango, Mex.

Governor Pattison issued a proclamation naming April 15 and April 29 as Arbor days.

The New York Senate has passed the bill providing for a \$150,000 aquarium at Castle Garden.

Gov. Pattison has signed the bill appropriating \$100,000 to re-equip the Pennsylvania militia.

A severe storm prevailed throughout the Northwest. Heavy snow fell and the wires were down in all directions.

Carlyle W. Harris has been taken to Sing Sing, where he was shaved, clothed in prison garb, and placed in a grated cell.

Shaffer, the billiardist, will not be able to play for months, but his doctor thinks his broken wrist will be all right in time.

The republicans rejected all offers of compromise on the reorganization of the Senate force of employees and will make a fight.

The Behring Sea Commission was received in Paris by President Carnot with military honors. It has begun its deliberations.

M. Alexejeff, Mayor of Moscow, who was shot by Adrianoff at a meeting of the City Council died of peritonitis, caused by the wound.

Drexel, Morgan & Co., of Philadelphia, have loaned the Reading Railroad receivers \$3,500,000 to meet accruing obligations of that company.

The German army has adopted a bullet-proof cloth for cuirasses for its soldiers. It is said to effectively stop bullets at 100 meters range.

A tornado swept through northern Mississippi and western Tennessee and did much damage to the towns, many of which were completely wrecked.

The Columbus caravels, Nina and Pinta, on arrival at Havana, were welcomed into the harbor by a general illumination of all the warships and of the city.

For smuggling 29 Chinese into this country at Monterey, Cal., Captain Deering, of the schooner Louis Olsen, was given a year in jail and fined \$14,500.

Two men from New Orleans, who gave their names as Weil and Robb, committed suicide at Monte Carlo after suffering from heavy losses in the Casino.

Secretary Carlisle will devote the summer to studying tariff subjects. The Reform Club, of New York, is drafting a tariff bill on revenue lines to be presented to Congress.

Congressman McCreary, of Kentucky, has resigned as a member of the International Monetary Conference. The Cabinet will decide whether a new commission shall be sent to Brussels.

James Stansbury, the Australian oarsman, has received a challenge from John Teemer to row near St. Louis May 30. Stansbury has accepted the challenge, stipulating that the match be for \$2,500.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the great New York banker, has sailed for Europe. He denied that he is going to negotiate a gold loan for this Government, but rumor still credits him with such a purpose.

The outfit of the California Athletic Club, on which more than \$10,000 was spent during the last ten years, was knocked down at auction for \$650. An assessment of \$10 per head has been levied on members to pay the club's debts.

The annual Oxford-Cambridge boat race on the Thames resulted in a victory for Oxford in the fastest time ever made, 18m. 47 sec. The previous best time for the four miles was 19 m. 21 sec., made by Oxford last year. Oxford has now won four years in succession.

It has been ascertained that a ruling by Assistant Secretary of the Interior Bussey, made six months ago, holding that an accrued pension cannot be paid to grandchildren, has been disregarded, and over two millions of dollars have been paid out illegally by the Pension office at Washington.

BOMB-SHAKEN THRONES.

Europe's Monarchs Tremble in Terror of an Anarchistic Outbreak.

Royal heads were turned in fear last week to bomb-stricken and Anarchist-ridden Rome, whence came shocks that caused every throne in Europe to tremble.

The attack on King Humbert by crazy Berardi came as the fitting climax to a portentous week for the old world monarchs. Rome still quivers with excitement over the recent sensational attack on its King. The assailant has been examined by two physicians, and pronounced insane, so the fear that he was the representative of an organized band of Anarchists is in part allayed.

But the constant and unprovoked explosion of bombs throughout the city leaves no room to doubt the presence and activity of these dreaded despisers of law. The dynamite explosions that have shocked the Eternal City have created great uneasiness likewise in Germany's capital, in view of the purpose of the Emperor and Empress to attend the silver wedding of King Humbert and Queen Margaret. Preparations have been made to send to Rome with the imperial party twice the number of detectives at first detailed for this service.

While the Emperor is in Italy 60 German detectives will be distributed in Rome, Naples and Spezia. Special care will be taken to guard the Emperor during his stay in Spezia, where he intends to see the combined maneuvers of the Italian fleet and army.

WAITING FOR CHANGE.

A Pleasant Little Instance of Wifely Forthrightness.

Time—Fifteen minutes before the train is due to leave.

Place—The jewelry store.

He—We haven't a moment to spare, dear, and we must catch the first train.

She—But I am waiting for the change. It will be here directly.

He—We ought to start right away.

She—I'm so sorry, but we must wait. I gave the clerk a \$100 bill.

He—Yes, if it's that much we'll have to wait for it, but it's very important that I catch that train to close up that deal with Jones. The option expires in an hour and I'll lose several hundred if I miss it.

She—This waiting is really aggravating, but the change will surely be here in a moment.

He—They're unconscionably slow.

She—Ah, here it comes at last.

(She thrusts it in her purse and both start for the door. By tremendous exertion they succeeded in reaching the station in time to see the train move out.)

He—There, confound it, waiting for that train has knocked me out of \$300 at the lowest calculation.

She—Oh, I'm so sorry, dear.

He—So am I. By the way, how much did that measly change amount to, anyhow?

She—Let me see. I paid for that necklace I got a month ago; that was \$85.

He—Anything else.

She—Yes; that set of spoons we gave Mrs. Taddles on her silver wedding. That amounted to \$6. That makes \$91, doesn't it?

He—It does. Go on.

She—Then there was a ring for Lulu and one for Ida. The children had been promised them, you know.

He—Exactly. How much were they?

She—Two and a half each. Ninety-one dollars and 50 cents.

He—Anything else?

She—Yes, there was a dear little button-spear at \$2.50.

He (grimly)—The total is \$98.50 now. What else?

She—Well, I got a cute little stick-pin that I really needed, for \$1.25.

He—Ninety-nine seventy-five.

She—And 20 cents' worth of silver polishing powder. What does that come to? How much change ought there to be out of a \$100 bill?

He (making a desperate but ineffectual effort to keep calm)—Five cents.

Was Tapering Off.

It was nearly midnight when the young bride heard the front door softly opened, and as he came up in his stocking feet she dried her eyes and determined that the time for action had come, says the *Waverly Magazine*.

"This will never do, George," she said, with a steady glitter in her eyes that sobered him on the instant.

"Perhaps I wouldn't mind it so much in years to come, but here you stay out nearly all night. Unless you promise to stop, I'll go back to my father."

"Forgive me, my dear," he replied, bracing himself for the supreme effort of his life, for he knew the crisis had come, and upon the result depended whether marriage was to be a failure or a blooming success. "I know my conduct must seem cruel to you, but that is only because you know so little of men and their ways. All my life I have been accustomed to staying out all night. I can't stop suddenly, for the doctor has told me I have heart disease, and that any sudden shock was likely to kill me. That's why, my dear, I must taper off gradually."

"Forgive me, George," she sobbed, throwing herself on his breast. "I have been very selfish. I know you try to do what is the best for you. Never again will I scold you, for it would drive me crazy if I knew I was the cause of you killing yourself."

How He Managed.

A young man started out to rent a flat, but at every place advertised he was told that he could not have the flat, as children were considered a nuisance.

Tired out he approached the very last house on the list.

"How many in the family?" inquired the landlord.

"Two—just two," was the ready answer.

The landlord was much pleased and at once drew up a lease, and the next day the family moved in, and were snugly settled when the landlord came tearing up the stairs.

"What—that is this, sir? You have cheated and deceived me. You told me there were only two in the family."

"Yes, and I told you the truth—a family of two children."

"But you didn't say children."

"And you didn't ask me. What constitutes a family, I should like to know if it isn't the children? You should be more explicit in your questions, my friend."

The landlord raved and fumed, but it was too late, and it made him more angry to know that he had with his own hands set the trap he fell into.

An Irish Tradition.

Nowhere does tradition flourish so luxuriantly as in Ireland. In places every inch of the ground has its queer history and some quaint story attached to it. For instance, not far from Belfast there is a romantic old well in a curious hollow of the hills called Barnas gap. The well is known as Barnas well and is filled at the bottom with white stones, the heather around being covered with pieces of rags. Close, too, is a large mound composed of stones, which is said to cover the bones of a holy friar long since dead. Every visitor to the well appears to make it a practice of adding a stone to the heap already there, but for what reason it is impossible to say.

JONES WAS IN A HURRY.

And His Request Was Somewhat Confused and Unintelligible.

Jones is always forgetting something, but his wife generally gives him cause to remember it very soon after he reaches home, says the *Chicago Journal*.

Just before train time the other day he remembered that Mrs. Jones had told him to send some one—for some thing—out to his suburban home, to whom she wanted and for what purpose he couldn't think to save himself.

"Dashed if I know," he murmured, as visions of a domestic fiasco danced before his eyes.

He looked at his watch. Four minutes to train time.

"Who was it, now? Doctor? No, to one sick. Carpenter? No. Oh, what am I going to do?" and the poor fellow walked excitedly up and down the platform, hoping his wife would never trust him with another errand.

Happening to glance across the street, his eyes encountered the sign "Conk's Noats, Organs and Pianos," and a sense of peace settled upon his countenance as he started for the door of the music store at a 2.40 gait.

"I'm all right now," he said, "if I don't forget it before I get there," and he kept repeating to himself "piano-tuner, piano-tuner, piano-tuner."

"Say," he exclaimed to the clerk, as he went through the door like a young cyclone, "I'm in a hurry—train's coming—nearly forgot errand—going to have a lot of musical people at home to-night—want you to let me take your best piano-tuner out with me, and, out of breath, he glared at the clerk like a wild bull.

"Our best what?" exclaimed the clerk, dropping with a crash a kettle drum on which he had been tinkering.

The noise of the falling drum and the long whistle of the train unnerved Jones.

"Can't you let me have a piano-tuner?" as his eyes became somewhat bloodshot.

"Say, what the devil do you want?" asked the clerk, as he reached for a chair.

"Oh, heavens!" shrieked Jones, as he heard his train pull into the depot. "I want a puttiniano—no, a puttiniano—no, a puttiniano—no, a puttiniano. Oh!" he wailed. "I want a puttiniano, a—"

He got the club.

A Glimpse of Modern Greece.

Nowhere else is there leisure so abundant as among the modern Greeks, that is the men, for the women seem to be at work all the time; now with the hoe in the field, now at the water pump or the wash bench, now in the kitchen, and when all this fails, with the distaff at the cottage door, or peering along the lane with the goats, or riding afield on the donkey's back, the patient women still plying the distaff. As we sat down to our luncheon in front of the wine shop or magari at Liopessi in the bright and warm sun of December, there gathered about our little table the leisurely population of the village—a deaf man who spoke Italian and could not hear a word in reply, the inebriate priest who had only partially recovered speech, the old man who acted as our guide to the next village, and several other citizens, all friendly, all cheerful, and all talking Greek. The boy who served our coffee and honey (of which the distaff partook freely) was an Italian, and conversed easily in that language; our sailor and soldier friends of the morning appeared in sight, now and then, and nobody but the schoolmaster and his pupils seemed to have anything special to do. Yet, as we emerged from the village and began to cross the fertile plain among the vineyards, the men were at work plowing and digging, and the land was well tilled and seemed to give a good return.—Frank Sanborn to Boston Advertiser.

In Tornadoes.

Those living in portions of our country exposed to tornadoes will be glad to know that scientists tell us there is always warning of the approach of a tornado to those who are observant.